NO. 9 VOL. 4 DEC.—JAN. 1949

SUPERSNIPE COMICS

10¢

THE BOY WITH THE MOST COMIC BOOKS IN AMERICA

YIKES! HE THROWS A NINETY YARD PASS AND CATCHES IT HIMSELF!

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AIR TRAILS

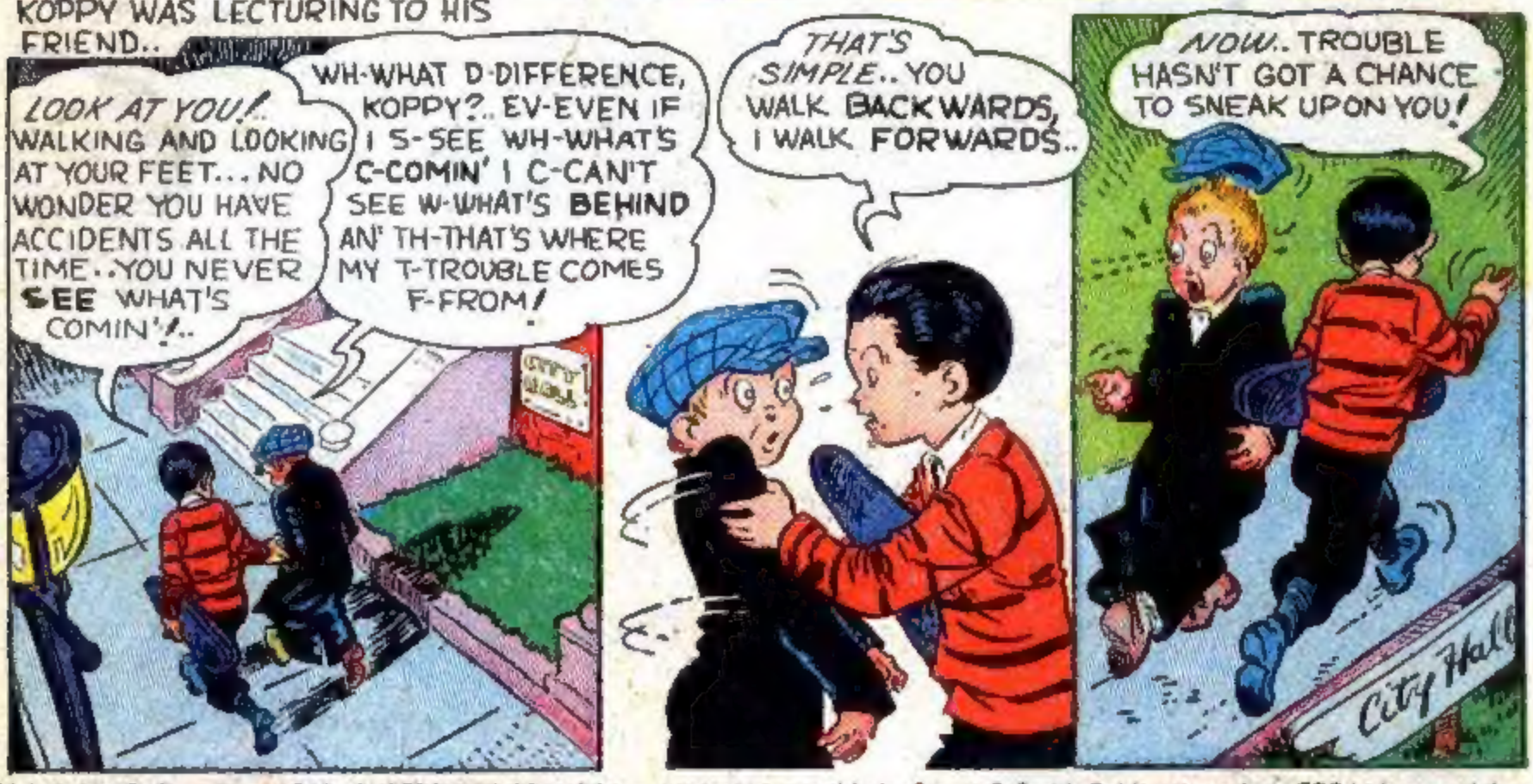
SUPERSNIPE

THE BOY WITH THE MOST COMIC BOOKS IN AMERICA~IN

ELECTED...TO DIE!

THERE ARE TWO TYPES OF PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD: FIRST~THE TROUBLE-LOOKER AS EXAMPLIFIED BY OUR HERO, KOPPY (**SUPER-SNIPE**) McFAD; AND SECOND~THE TROUBLE-FINDER, AS EXAMPLIFIED BY THE TIMID, FRIGHTENED JASPER (**TROUBLE**) JONES. NATURALLY, WHEN THE TWO TYPES MEET THERE IS BOUND TO BE EXCITE~MENT...OR MORE LIKELY—**TROUBLE!**

FOR EXAMPLE, ONE EVENING KOPPY WAS LECTURING TO HIS FRIEND..


LOOK AT YOU!.. WALKING AND LOOKING AT YOUR FEET... NO WONDER YOU HAVE ACCIDENTS ALL THE TIME..YOU NEVER SEE WHAT'S COMIN'!..
WH-WHAT D-DIFFERENCE, KOPPY?.. EV-EVEN IF I S-SEE WH-WHAT'S C-COMIN' I C-CAN'T SEE W-WHAT'S BEHIND AN' TH-THAT'S WHERE MY T-TROUBLE COMES F-FROM!
THAT'S SIMPLE.. YOU WALK BACKWARDS, I WALK FORWARDS..
NOW.. TROUBLE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE TO SNEAK UPON YOU!
City Hall

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WELL!..COME ON! ..YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY **SAFE** FROM ANY TROUBLE NOW!

-DEM KIDS.. .. DEY SAW IT!

THE CAR SILENTLY ROLLS UP ALONGSIDE OF KOPPY AND TROUBLE

FER PETE'S SAKE! WILL YA' TELL ME WHAT'S EATIN' YOU?..THERE'S **NOT A THING** IN FRONT OF US...AN' YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF THAT...

THERE'S NOT A THING BACK..BACK? B-BACK??

?

IN YA' GO!

HEY! WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?..YOU CAN'T.. HEY!..THAT'S MAYOR RIPLER!

YEAH! .BUT IN TWO DAYS FROM NOW HE'LL BE EX-MAYOR RIPLER !!!

RE-ELECT Ernest Ripler

FOR A SIXTH TERM of HONEST CLEAN - Government

Elect PHINIOUS PHONEY

YAPBURG NEEDS: A NEW MAYOR... WITH NEW IDEAS... for a NEW PROSPERITY!

NOW YOU KNOW WHY I LOOK AT M-MY SH-SHOES WHEN I W-WALK! AT L-LEAST I D-DON'T S-SEE TH-THINGS THAT G-GET ME INTO T-TROUBLE!

BUT MEBBE IT HAPPENED THIS WAY SO WE CAN HELP MAYOR RIPLER IN HIS TROUBLE!

ONE MOVE OUTA' YOU KIDS AN' YOU'LL END UP AT THE BOTTOM O' THE YAPBURG RIVER IN A CEMENT BLOCK .. UN'NERSTAND?

Y-YES S-SIR!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THEY ARRIVE AT THEIR DESTINATION-A HUGE ESTATE ON THE EDGE OF YAPBURG...

Private PHINIOUS PHONEY

THE CAR SWINGS THROUGH THE HUGE GROUNDS AND MAKES IT'S WAY TO THE REAR OF THE GREAT MANSION..

OKAY.. LAST STOP!

.....THE NEXT DAY, IN THE NEWSPAPER OF MAYOR RIPLER'S OPPONENT...

YAPBURG TATTLER

PHINIOUS PHONEY-PROP

RIPLER THIEF!

RUNS OUT TWO DAYS BEFORE ELECTION WITH $50,000 EMERGENCY FUND!!

COME ON Y'LITTLE WARTS

RIPLER'S STILL OUT COLD!..BUGSY MUSTA' TAPPED HIM A LITTLE TOO HARD...THINK HE'S DEAD?

WHAT'S THE DIFF?... I GOTTA' HUNCH THE BOSS IS GONNA' TELL US TO RUB HIM AN' THE KIDS OUT ANYWAY!

PHINIOUS PHONEY LOSES NO TIME IN "NAILING THE COFFIN"..

WAKE UP CITIZENS OF YAPBURG!.. FOR FIVE TERMS RIPLER HAS FOOLED YOU.. PULLED THE WOOL OVER YOUR EYES...NOW HE'S RUN OUT WITH **YOUR** EMERGENCY FUND.. ..ARE YOU GOING TO RE-ELECT A **THIEF!**

BUT IN THE TRUSTED AND HONEST YAPBURG PAPER....

Yapburg Gazette

MAYOR AND CITY FUND DISAPPEAR!

FOUL PLAY SUSPECTED

MEANWHILE, THE SUBJECT OF PHINIOUS PHONEY'S ATTACK LAYS UNCONCIOUS IN THE CELLER OF HIS *OPPONENT!*

H-HE'S S-STILL OUT C-COLD.. H-HE M-MIGHT D-DIE IF HE D-DOESN'T S-SEE A DOCTOR!

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT OF HERE--IF I COULD ONLY THINK!.... *GEEZERKS!*.. I KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME!

HOW CAN I EXPECT TO THINK **SUPER-**THINKS OR DO **SUPER**-DOS WITHOUT MY SUPER-DOER UNIFORM?

OH WOE! NOW THE **REAL** TROUBLE STARTS !!!

THAT'S DIFF'RENT!...I FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN!... NOW, *ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN!*

TH-THANK G-GOODNESS Y-YOU C-CAN'T MAKE THINGS MUCH **W-WORSE** TH-THAN THEY ARE!

I GUESS YOU DON'T THINK MY UNIFORM MAKES ME **STRONGER' AN' SMARTER!**..WELL LET ME TELL YOU SOMEPUN'

SEE THAT WALL? I'VE SEEN THE TIME WHEN WITH A **SINGLE** BLOW, I'VE **PUL-VERIZED** A **WHOLE** WALL!

I KN-KNOW, S-SUPERSNIPE.. B-BUT TH-THIS W-WALL ISN'T M-MADE OF S-SAND L-LIKE THAT ONE W-WAS, DOWN AT THE B-BEACH!

WHEN MY SUPER-POWERS ARE WORKIN' GOOD..I CAN **KNOCK OUT** A-BOARD.. ..JUST **LIKE THIS!**

SUPERSNIPE'S MIGHTY MIDGET FIST STRIKES OUT!...THE BOARD BREAKS FROM THE WALL AND FINDS A TARGET!

DON'T SUPERSNIPE... ..YOU'LL *BREAK* YOUR HAND!

STAND BACK!!

YOWWW

OWWWWW MY HAND... OWWW

HMMMMm..SO THAT'S W-WHY!..N-NO N-NAILS IN TH-THIS ONE!

WH-WHAT CAN W-WE D-DO WITH HIM?

HUH?..OH!..TIE HIM UP AN' GAG HIM WHILE I TAKE A LOOK AROUND AN' FIND OUT HOW WE CAN ESCAPE!

AT THIS MOMENT, UPSTAIRS, THE CROOKED CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR RETURNS FROM HIS LATEST RALLY...

HOW'S IT GOWIN', BOSS?

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

PHONEY IS YOUR MAN

I'VE GOT THEM IN THE PALM OF MY HAND..OUR TRICK WORKED! THE VOTERS ARE CONVINCED RIPLER IS A THIEF. TOMORROW I SHOULD WIN BY A LANDSLIDE!

SO FAR SO GOOD.. BUT WHAT DO WE DO WITH RIPLER?.. AND WHAT HAPPENS TO THIS $50,000 EMERGENCY FUND DOUGH?

TWO GOOD QUESTIONS.. FIRST- IT'S NECESSARY THAT WE STAGE AN ACCIDENT.... AN "ACCIDENT" THAT WILL SHUT RIPLER'S MOUTH FOR GOOD!

..YOU MEAN WE AIN'T GONNA' HOLD ON TO DIS' FIFTY GRAND?

...AND **SECOND**- WE GOTTA' PLANT THE MONEY ON HIS BODY AT THE SCENE OF THE "ACCIDENT" TO **PROVE** HE WAS **STEALING IT!**

YOU HEARD ME! THIS "ACCIDENT" HAS GOT TO LOOK **LEGITIMATE**.. BUT ONCE I'M MAYOR.. **WE'LL BLEED THIS TOWN OF EVERY CENT IT'S GOT!**.. FIFTY GRAND WILL BE A DROP IN THE BUCKET!

SO THATS HIS PLAN!.. PRETTY SMART.. BUT NOT SMART ENOUGH TO FOOL SUPERSNIPE!

BUT AT THIS MOMENT— SUPERSNIPE **SHOULD** HAVE *PULLED HIS NECK IN!*

-LET'S SEE- SHOULD I SNEAK OUT AND GO FOR HELP NOW, OR SHOULD I TRY TO GET MAYOR RIPLER OUT OF THE HOUSE FIRST AND GO FOR HELP LATER...

HMmmm-MY PSCH-O-PATHIC MIND TELLS ME TO STICK MY NECK OUT AN' GO FOR HELP **NOW!**

HEY POP, ...COME LOOKEE!.. LOOK WHAT I CAUGHT... LOOKEE

WHAT IS IT, JUNIOR? ...WHAT HAPPENED..

..IT'S ONE O' DEM KIDS!

HE ESCAPED!

YIIPPEEE!

RIDE 'EM COWBOY!

JUNIOR... LOOKOUT!

OOMPPH

YOWWWW

!!@*☆... GET OFF OF ME! ..LET ME UP!

I CAN'T MOVE!

WAAAAA... I HURT MY HEAD!

WAAAAWAAAA...HE DID.. ..HE HURT MY HEAD ON YOUR STOMACH, POP...

HELP ME UP SOMEBODY! SHUT UP, JUNIOR! .CATCH THAT KID! —

OH OH

COME BACK YOU LITTLE BRAT!

I'LL STOP HIM!

HIT HIM JUNIOR.. AND I'LL GIVE YOU A DOLLAR!

YIKES!

!!?

ZOOM

OWWW

OOOM

THANKS!

BOSS... LOOK OUT... KNUCKLE'S IS HEADIN' FOR US!

OHHHHHH!!! STOP HIM!

NOOOOU

PHHOOOMMPH!

HA HA ... DO YOU LOOK FUNNY, POP.... IT'S A GOOD THING YOU'RE SO WELL PADDED! HA HA

THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!

WAAAAA WAAAA.. ..WHAT'D I DO?

NOW TO FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE!

MY THINK-O-PATHIC MIND THINKS THIS IS A GOOD DOOR TO TRY!

PHINIOUS? *IS THAT YOU?* I SWEAR, IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HOME YOU'RE NEVER HOME ANYMORE IT'S A WONDER YOU REMEMBER WHERE IT IS...JUST BECAUSE YOU EXPECT TO BE MAYOR IS NO REASON FOR YOU TO FORGET YOUR FAMILY POOR JUNIOR HARDLY KNOWS HE HAS A FATHER

NOT THAT YOU'RE ANY KIND OF A FATHER TO BE PROUD OF I MUST SAY I COULD TELL THOSE VOTERS A THING OR TWO ABOUT YOU.. IT'S LUCKY FOR YOU I'M ON YOUR SIDE .PHINIOUS, ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME ?

YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME ONCE TO "SHUT-UP." YOU ALWAYS TELL ME TO "SHUT-UP" AREN'T YOU FEELING WEL—??

EEEEEEEEE HEELLLP!

MEANWHILE, PHINIOUS PHONEY, RECOVERING FROM HIS ENCOUNTER WITH SUPERSNIPE, GOES INTO ACTION...

I'LL STOP THAT LITTLE BRAT. HE'LL LEARN ONCE AND FOR ALL THAT TO FOOL WITH PHINIOUS PHONEY IS TO FLIRT WITH **DEATH!!**

THIS IS PHONEY.... **MISTER** PHONEY!... LOCK THE GATE...DON'T LET ANYONE OUT.. ..TURN ON THE **ELECTRIC CURRENT IN THE FENCE** SURROUNDING THE ESTATE AND LET THE **MASTIF OUT!**...

.. AND IF ANYONE SEES **ANY TRESPASSER** ON THE GROUNDS ESPECIALLY A BOY IN A RED OUTFIT AND A BLUE CAPE.. ..**SHOOT TO KILL!**

JUST IN CASE THE BRAT IS LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET BY THE ELECTRIC FENCE, THE MASTIF AND THE ARMED GUARDS, WE'VE GOT TO GET MAYOR RIPLER OUT OF HERE..

WE'VE GOT TO STAGE RIPLER'S "ACCIDENT" BEFORE THE BRAT GETS TO THE POLICE!

WHAT KIND OF "ACCIDENT," BOSS?

WHY DO YOU THINK I HAD YOU STEAL HIS CAR AND BRING IT HERE?..THERE'S A **DEEP RAVINE** ABOUT TWO MILES FROM HERE A **PERFECT** SPOT FOR AN "ACCIDENT"...

MAYOR RIPLER HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS AND HAS BEEN TOLD ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED BY TROUBLE.....*THEY HEAR PHONEY'S PLANS...*

... AND REMEMBER, BOYS. **DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES!**

MEANWHILE, ON A RUNAWAY LAWNMOWER, SUPERSNIPE IS "TRIMMING" PHINIOUS PHONEY'S LAWN, MUCH TO THE GARDNER'S DISTASTE.

BOOOHOOO...BOOHOOO... ...MY POOR FLOWERS... ...MY POOR LAWN!..BOOHOOOO

GEEZERKS! ..HOW D'YA STOP THIS THING ??

CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!

AT THIS MOMENT, DOWN AT THE ESTATE'S KENNELS.

GGGGGGGGGR

THE BEAST LOSES NO TIME IN SMELLING OUT THE STRANGER ON THE GROUNDS!

GRRRRRRRRR

GRRRUMMPPHH

CHUG! CHUG!

HEY!

HOLY SMOKE!

THE NEXT INSTANT!

SWISH

CRAASSH!

WHAM

BANG!

THAT WAS CLOSE!

TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! KIDS LIKE THAT ARE A **MENACE** TO SOCIETY! **THEY'RE** LIABLE TO KILL SOMEBODY!

WHICH REMINDS ME...WE GOT A **JOB TO FINISH!**... COME ON!

AT THIS MOMENT, PHINIOUS PHONEY ESCORTS MAYOR RIPLER AND TROUBLE OUTSIDE WHERE THE MAYOR IS AMAZED TO SEE HIS OWN CAR DRIVING UP!

YES, RIPLER.. **YOUR** CAR!...YOU SEE HOW CLEVER I AM?.. WHEN THEY FIND YOU AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE IN **YOUR** CAR WITH THE **FIFTY THOUSAND**.. **NO ONE** WILL DOUBT YOU WERE A THIEF!

YOU MAY KILL ME...YOU MAY BECOME MAYOR .. BUT IN THE LONG RUN, IT IS **YOU** WHO WILL SUFFER!...THE **CITIZENS** OF **YAPBURG** ARE NOT FOOLS!

..WHEN THEY FIND OUT WHAT YOU **REALLY** ARE THEY WILL RISE UP AND **SMASH YOU AND YOUR ENTIRE CROOKED MACHINE!**

THINK SO?...HA!.. I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE *STUPID* CITIZENS..LET ONE MAN RAISE HIS VOICE AGAINST ME AND THERE WILL BE **OTHER ACCIDENTS** IN **OTHER** RAVINES!

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, TWITCHY.. I WANT TO SEE IF THEY CAUGHT THE OTHER KID...MIGHT AS WELL GET RID OF ALL OF 'EM AT THE SAME TIME...

RIGHT! GET IN YOU TWO!

MEANWHILE..

SEE HIM?

'NOT YET.. BUT HE'S IN HERE SOMEPLACE!

BEATS ME WHERE HE DISAPPEARED TO!!

KEEP LOOKIN', ..WE'LL FIND HIM!

HMMMm

HE'S GONE! ..CAN'T FIGURE **HOW** ..BUT HE'S GONE!

I TELL YA' HE'S HERE. HE COULDN'T HAVE GOT OUT WITHOUT US SEEING HIM.

SEE.. THERE HE IS!!

PLUG HIM!

BANG

CRASH

HALP!

OWWW

...AND THAT'S THAT!.. NOW - IF NOTHING ELSE STOPS ME, I CAN GET OUT OF HERE AND BRING THE POLICE AND A DOCTOR FOR POOR MAYOR RIPLER!

GUARDS WILL BE ON THE GATES... GUESS I BETTER CLIMB OVER THE FENCE!

..SUPERSNIPE DOESN'T EVEN SUSPECT WHAT AWAITS HIM AT THE FENCE!

SQUEEEK!

N-NOoooo..!.. IM-IMPOSSIBLE!.. NOT A LITTLE KID LIKE THAT.... HE-HE COULDN'T CAUSE ALL THIS DAMAGE!

WHAT HAPPENED? ..WHERE IS HE?

HE ESCAPED!

H-HE'S A LITTLE DEMON !!

THIS IS TERRIBLE NO TIME TO LOSE ..IF HE'S ESCAPED AND GETS TO THE POLICE. I'M **SUNK!**.

SUPERSNIPE GAINS THE PROTECTION OF THE BUSHES, UNAWARE OF WHAT AWAITS HIM..

NOW – OVER THE FENCE AND **OUT!**

IF I HAD ROOM TO GET A LITTLE RUNNING START MY **LEAP-O-PATHIC LEGS** COULD JUMP ME OVER... BUT I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CLIMB..

HUH? **GEEZERKS**.. A SNAKE!

HSSSSSSS

GULP!

CRACKLE

CRACKLE

TH-THAT SNAKE S-SAVED M-MY L-LIFE ... I'LL..I'LL NEVER **HATE** SNAKES AGAIN!...G-GOLLY!

PHINIOUS PHONEY, REALLY WORRIED NOW, BARKS QUICK ORDERS!

THE KID'S ESCAPED...GET RID OF RIPLER AND THIS KID AT DEATH-HEAD RAVINE.. PUSH THE CAR OVER.. ..I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO TOWN TO ADDRESS ANOTHER POLITICAL RALLY..

O.K. BOSS!

SO LONG, MAYOR RIPLER.. ENJOY YOUR LAST RIDE!

RECOVERING FROM THE SHOCK OF HIS NEAR DISASTER, SUPERSNIPE QUICKLY FINDS ANOTHER MEANS OF ESCAPE...

HOPE THIS BRANCH IS STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD ME...

-(ULP!).. IT'S.. IT'S.. BENDIN'... IF.. IF IT T-TOUCHES THE FENCE I'M COOKED. AN' I M-MEAN C-COOKED!

WHOOPS!

ULP! .YIKES. OHHHHH

GLUMP!!

CRACK

WOW!

PHEWWWW- THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!.. HMMMm WONDER WHOSE CAR I FELL ON.. BETTER HAVE A LOOK-SEE!....

DON'T DRIVE FAST.. ...WE DON'T WANT ANY COPS FOLLOWIN' US TO THE RAVINE!

"THINK I'M NUTS! I NEVER INVITE COPS AROUND WHEN I'M KILLIN' PEOPLE!

SO THAT'S IT!. THEY 'RE TAKIN' MAYOR RIPLER AN' TROUBLE OUT TO **KILL 'EM!**.. WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!.. HMMMm- IF I CAN ONLY SEE A POLICEMAN ON THE WAY!

AHHHHHHHH"

LET'S GO! THAT KIDS GONNA' GET HURT!

HOLD IT! THAT'S THIS KID SUPERSNIPE HE'S ALWAYS DOIN' CRAZY THINGS, PLAYIN' COPS AN' ROBBERS..HE WON'T HURT HIMSELF.. LET JAKE AND TIM UP AHEAD GO AFTER HIM IF THEY WANT TO..

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT!. MURDER IS ABOUT TO BE COMMITED AN' THEY SIT THERE WAVIN' AT ME!

THERE SHOULD BE A COUPLE OF MORE OF EM A MILE DOWN. . I'LL **MAKE SURE** THEY COME AFTER US!

LOOK! ..ISN'T THAT SUPERSNIPE!

YEAH I'VE TANGLED WITH HIM BEFORE. HE CAN GET US COPS INTO MORE JAMS!

-WHY THAT LITTLE!!

COME ON. WE'LL TEACH HIM TO THROW THINGS AT COPS!

NYYYAAA!

PHHHTTTT!

WHADJA' DO, Y' STUPID JERK? THE COPS ARE AFTER US!

NOTHIN'.. I'M ONLY DOIN' THIRTY MILES AN HOUR!

WELL- STEP ON IT!..WE GOTTA' BEAT 'EM OR WE'LL SPEND THE REST OF OUR LIVES IN JAIL

OKAY. OKAY..I.. I. CAN'T UN'--NERSTAND IT! WHAT ARE THEY AFTER US FOR?

I'LL TAKE CARE OF 'DEM!

OH OH!!

YIIIIIII

BOOM

WHAT TH- ??? -YOU... YOU- @#!!

THE KID ISN'T KIDDING..HE'S GOT A COUPLE OF GUNMEN THERE!

GET THEIR TIRES ..THAT'LL STOP 'EM QUICK ENOUGH!

BANG!

BANG!

SQUEEELL

SPLASH

A LITTLE LATER, PHINIOUS PHONEY MAKES HIS LAST PHONEY BID FOR THE MAYORALITY

I CAN GUARANTTEE, MAYOR RIPLER WILL NEVER SHOW HIS FACE IN YAPBURG AGAIN.. HE'S GONE FOR GOOD... YOU'LL NEVER SEE **HIM** OR THE **FIFTY THOUSAND EMERGENCY FUND HE STOLE!**

-YOU MADE PRETTY SURE OF THAT, PHINIOUS PHONEY!

WH-WHAT ?.. ..WH-WHO S-SAID T-THAT ??

NOT A GHOST. I ASSURE YOU!

R-RIPLER

THERE, FELLOW CITIZENS, IS **YOUR THIEF**.. TROUBLE AN' ME SAW EVERYTHING. **HE KIDNAPPED** MAYOR RIPLER, AND WAS GONNA' KILL HIM AN' US!

.AN-AN IF IT H-HADN'T B-BEEN FOR SUPERSNIPE . H-HE W-WOULDA'!

PHONEY IS YOUR **MAN**

AND SO ELECTION CAME AND WENT WITH A LANDSLIDE FOR MAYOR RIPLER.. HIS FIRST OFFICIAL ACT FOR THE NEW TERM WAS TO INSTALL A NEW DESK IN HIS OFFICE AND TO CREATE A NEW POST...

..GOOD MORNING, MR MAYOR..

.. AND GOOD MORNING TO YOU **MASTER MAYOR!**

JUNIOR MAYOR

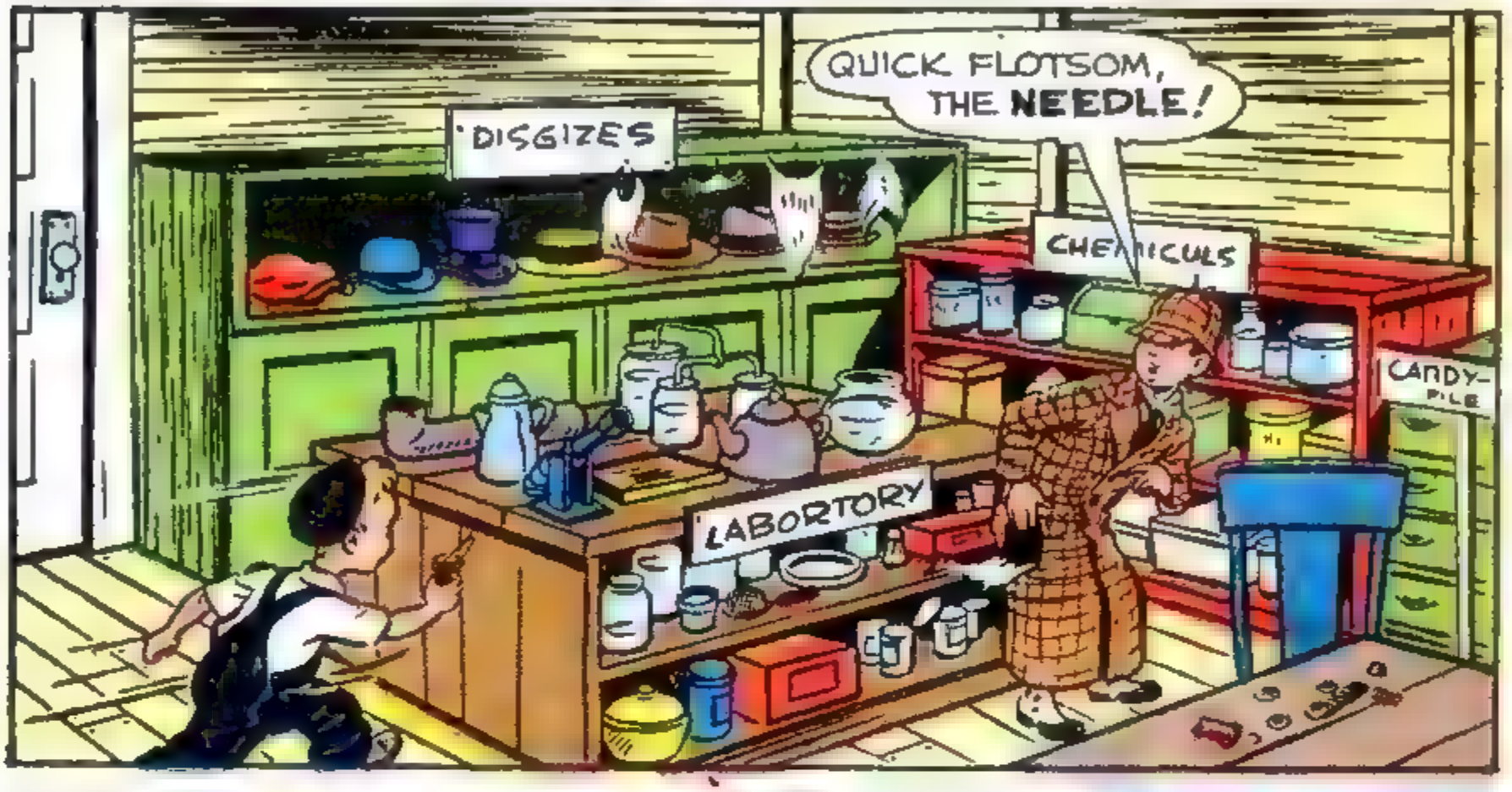
MAYOR ERNEST RIPLER

Marcel

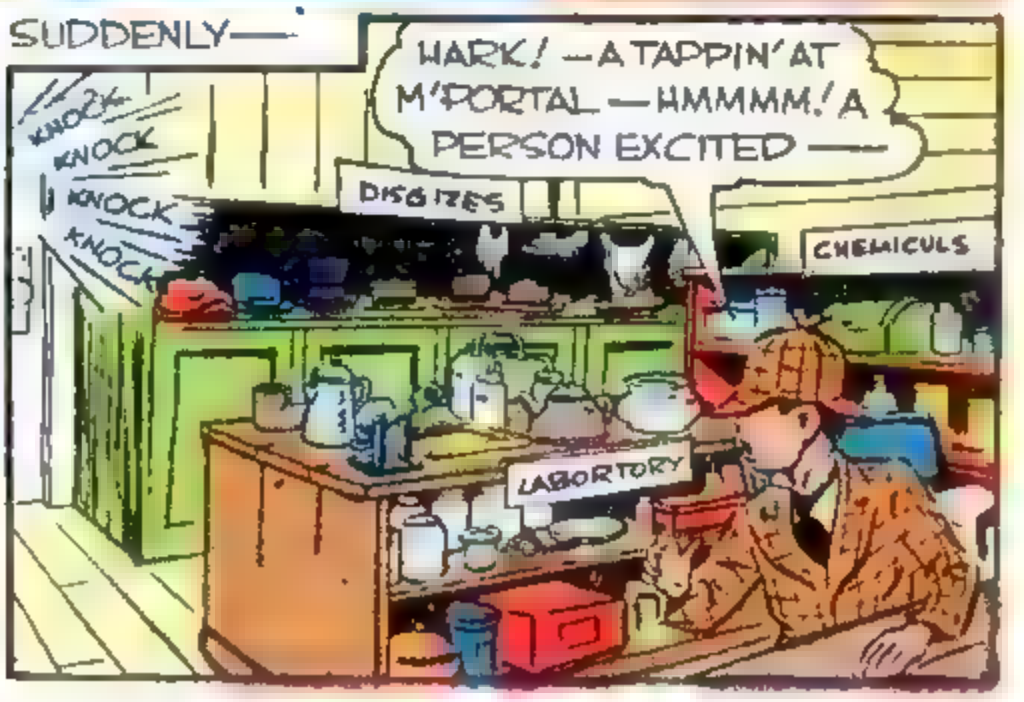
HERLOCK DOMES

in A CASE OF LUCK

WHAT WOULD INK BE WITHOUT A PEN — SMOKE WITHOUT A FIRE — HAMBURGER WITHOUT ONIONS — OR HERLOCK DOMES, FASTER MASTER DETECTIVE, WITHOUT A CLUE? OF COURSE, IN HERLOCK'S CASE IT'S OFTEN DIFFICULT, SINCE HE SOMETIMES HAS CLUES FOR WHICH THERE IS NO KNOWN MYSTERY



WE FIND HIM IN HIS HEADQUARTERS AFTER COMPLETING, AS HE CALLED IT, "THE CASE OF AN EARRING WITHOUT AN EAR "OR" WHAT HAPPENED TO MRS. NICHOL'S LEFT EARRING ON THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY TENTH?"



HE'S **GOTTA** HELP ME OR I'M SUNK!

ENTER!

HERLOCK ...OMES
MOST ROUGE ...FTER
FASTER MASTE ...TECTIVE

KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK

CAN YOU SOLVE **REAL** MYSTERIES? – I MEAN FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO **THINGS** AN' **PEOPLE**?

AN **IRRELEVANT** QUESTION! — LET US NOT FORGET – I AM **HERLOCK DOMES!**

STATE YOUR CASE – ELIMINATING NO DETAILS, NO MATTER HOW TRIVIAL THEY MIGHT SEEM TO YOU.

OKAY — WELL – IT STARTED THIS MORNIN' WHEN MOM TOLD ME I HAD T'WATCH M'KID BROTHER FLOTSAM ALL DAY – SHE WAS GOIN' OUT —

...ALS

...NDY-FIL...
...FLAVOR

UH-HUH! – PROCEED! — HMMMMM —

WELL — WE – UH – WENT OUT TOGETHER. I WAS GONNA PLAY BALL AN' HE WAS SUPPOSED TO WATCH ME —

AH-HA! — SO! — HMMMM

I PLAYED BALL AN' HE WATCHED ME. THEN I GOT SO INNEREST-ED IN TH' GAME – I FOR-GOT ALL ABOUT HIM —

STOP! – I'LL GO ON — YOU PLAYED RIGHT FIELD SOMEONE HIT A HOMER AN' YOU SHAGGED TH' BALL INTO FARMER GREY'S APPLE ORCHARD, AN' THEN, WHEN TH' GAME WAS OVER, YOUR BROTHER WAS **GONE**!

TH-THAT'S **RIGHT**! — B-BUT H-HOW D-DO Y-YOU KNOW??

...S

...FLAV

EL'MENTRY—FARMER GREY'S ORCHARD'S BEHIND RIGHT FIELD—A BALL ROLLING INTO ORCHARD IS HOME RUN 'CAUSE IT TAKES TIME TO FIND BALL — HOW DO I KNOW YOU PLAYED RIGHT FIELD AN' WENT TO ORCHARD?

YEAH, HOW?

YOU HAVE APPLE IN HAND—APPLES IN POCKETS. CONCLUSION: YOU PLAYED RIGHT FIELD, SHAGGED BALL INTO ORCHARD—EUREKA!—SOMEONE HIT HOME RUN!

AMAZIN.'—BUT HOW'D YOU KNOW MY KID BROTHER FLOTSAM WAS LOST?—

EL'MENTRY!—YOUR MOM TOLE YOU TO WATCH HIM **ALL** DAY ONLY HALF A DAY DONE AND YOU'RE ALONE—EUREKA—HE'S **LOST**! COME, WE'LL INVESTIGATE THE SCENE OF THE **ABDUCTION**!

ABDUCTION?—**KIDNAPPED**?—OH **NO**!—YOU DON'T **REALLY** THINK **THAT**?

AT THE MOMENT, IT'S BUT A **THEORY** BUT **RIGHT** OR **WRONG** HAVE NO FEAR, I'LL **PROVE** IT!

ACCORDIN' TO M'THEORY—AT THIS VERY MOMENT HE'S BEIN' TORTURED TO WRITE A RANSOM NOTE BY A GANG O' CUTTHROATIN' KIDNAPPERS!

OHHHH!—THIS IS **HORRIBLE**—**TERRIBLE**! POOR FLOTSAM—THEY'LL **KILL** HIM!—HE HASN'T LEARNED TO **WRITE** YET!

THIS IS WHERE I LAST SAW HIM—PLAYIN' IN TH' SAND—

FOOTPRINTS—HMMMM—LET'S FOLLOW 'EM!

RIGHT – LEFT – TURN – LEFT
AGAIN – RIGHT – SAT –
GOT UP – LEFT – RIGHT –

BOOP

SUDDENLY —

JOSEPH! —

JOOOOOSEPH! WHERE'S FLOTSOM?

HUH? – M-MOM!

AH! – THAT BUMP WAS **JUST** WHAT I NEEDED! I HAD A **PSYCHIC VISION** OF THE **KIDNAPPERS** – KNOW **EXACTLY** WHAT THEY **LOOK LIKE**!

F-FLOTSOMS B-BEEN K-**KIDNAPPED**!

KIDNAPPED? OH **NO** – **NO**! MY **POOR BABY**!

REST YOUR FEARS MODAM — I'VE THE CASE PRACTICALLY **SOLVED**!

WHAT'S GOIN'ON HERE?—WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

M-MY **B-BABY** HAS B-BEEN **K-KIDNAPPED!**

KIDNAPPED?— WHERE?— WHEN?— HOW?— BY WHOM?

HE KNOWS! HE KNOWS ***EVERYTHIN'!***

THREE MEN— ALL TALL—ALL WITH LONG BEARDS—AND ALL THREE HAD A LIMP IN THE **RIGHT LEG!**

THREE—TALL—LONG BEARDS—LIMP— OKAY! GO ON! HOW'D THEY DO IT?

THEY WERE DISGUISED—AS ROAD REPAIRMEN. SUDDENLY THEY CAME ROARING AROUND THE CORNER IN A **STEAM ROLLER**, LASSOED HIM, PULLED HIM INTO TH' CAB——

STEAMROLLER— LASSOED— **WHAT???**—

AND BEFORE **ANYBODY** EVEN **SAW** THEM— DISAPPEARED AROUND THAT CORNER OVER THERE!

SCREWIEST KIDNAPPIN' I EVER HEARD OF!—STEAM ROLLER!—I'LL PUT IN MY REPORT AN THEY'LL GET OUT TH' GRAB-NET AFTER 'EM!

YOU HEARD ME!—LASSOED FROM A **STEAM ROLLER!** THAT'S THEIR STORY AND **WE'RE** STUCK WITH IT!

ALL CARS — ALL CARS — BE ON LOOKOUT FOR — AN' I AIN'T KIDDIN'— A STEAM ROLLER RUN BY THREE TALL MEN WITH LONG BEARDS AND A LIMP IN THEIR RIGHT LEGS —

—KIDNAPPED FLOTSOM JONES, AGED FIVE, AND ARE MAKING A GETAWAY IN THE AFORMENTIONED STEAM ROLLER — REPEAT, STEAM ROLLER! — THAT IS ALL!

HE'S **NUTS**!

SAID HE WASN'T KIDDIN' THOUGH!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, OVER THE RADIO

WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO ASK ALL CITIZENS TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A STEAM ROLLER WITH ETC — ETC —

DEPARTME

LOOK!

I BET IT'S THEM!

WE ROLL THE TAR SO EVERY CAR RIDES SMOOTH WITHOUT A BUMP! WE PAVE THE STREETS YOU RIDE THE SEATS WITHOUT A JOLT OR JUMP!

DEPAR MENT ST

THE NEXT INSTANT —

HALT!

HOW COME?

WHAT'S UP?

AIN'T SINGIN' **LEGAL**? —

APBURG

MENT STO

VAPBURG DEP'T PUBLIC SERVICE

AS THE ROLLER MEN ARE BEING ARRESTED HERLOCK PARTS WITH HIS CLIENT —

THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP — HERE'S SOMETHING TO SHOW MY APPRECIATION — JOSEPH AND I ARE GOING DOWN TO HIS FATHER'S OFFICE TO BREAK THE BAD NEWS.

FEAR NOT MODAM! — I SHALL CONTINUE TO PURSUE THE FOUL DEMONS!

AS THE CAB LEAVES HERLOCK GOES ON HIS WAY —

HMM, CANDY — BEFORE I CONTINUE I BETTER ADD TO MY COLLECTION SO I CAN GO ON WITH MY RESEARCH

CANDY

YOU GONNA BUY SOME CANDY, HUH? GIMME A PIECE, HUH?

YOUNG MAN I PURCHASE CANDY, NOT TO PLEASE MY PALATE, BUT TO FURTHER MY RESEARCH AND ADD TO MY COLLECTION! I'M THE LARGEST **COLLECTOR** AN' **FOREMOST** AUTHORITY ON CANDY **TASTES** IN TH' **WORLD.**

I LIKE YOU! — I LIKE TA TASTE CANDY **TOO!**

INTERESTIN' — HMMM — POSSIBLY I COULD USE YOU WHEN MY PALATE GETS WEARY. YOU CAN BE MY ASSISTANT — WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

FLOTSOM JONES, — WHAT'S YOURS?

F-FLOTSOM?! YIKES! B-BUT YOU'RE S-SUPPOSED TO BE **KIDNAPPED!** — I — **I SAID** SO!! —

I'LL LET YOU TASTE **ALL** THE **CANDY** IN MY **COLLECTION** ONLY YOU GOTTA TELL YOUR FOLKS THAT I RESCUED YOU — UNDERSTAND?

SURE! — YOU RESCUED ME — OKAY!

A LITTLE LATER—

THANK HEAVEN!

BABY! — BABY MINE! YOU'RE **SAFE**!

UH — HELLO! — HERLOCK RESCUED ME!

AHEM!

PHEWWWW! — **SAFE**!

HOW? — TELL US, SON!

WELL — I WAS KIDNAPPED BY A BIG OL' **DRAGON** WHO SWALLOWED ME UP, AN' INSIDE 'UM WAS A BIG OL' **FURNACE** WITH LITTLE **GOBLINS** TENDIN' IT — THEY WERE JUST THROWIN' ME IN WHEN —

ULP!

HERLOCK **RESCUED** ME!

HMMM — FIRST **STEAM ROLLERS** WITH **LONG BEARDED** MEN WHO **LIMPED** —

AND **NOW** DRAGONS AND GOBLINS! — SOMETHING'S **MIGHTY** FISHY!

HEH-HEH WELL — UH-UH —

—I-I G-GUESS THE MEN TURNED INTO GOBLINS AN' TH'UH-ER-ER STEAM ROLLER INTO A D-DRAGON — OR SOMEPUN — UH-I-I-ER-I THINK MY MOTHER'S C-CALLIN' ME — I BETTER GO — HEH-HEH — NICE TO'VE MET — BYE —

MARKET

FOR SALE

TH-THAT KID IS **ALMOST** AS GOOD AT GETTIN' CLUES AN' THEORIES AS **I** AM! HE'LL MAKE A GREAT ASSISTANT — "HERLOCK DOMES AN' HIS ASSISTANT, FLOTSOM." — NOT BAD — NOT BAD AT ALL!

"A HERO'S TALE"

When your name is SUPERSNIPE and your main interest in life is saving helpless people from anything that is dangerous, evil or dooming; when, with such a name and such an interest, you come across a sign such as this:

WIN $500!
Tell a True Tale of Heroism!
. . . about a friend
. . . about *yourself*
Contest open to *everyone*

Sponsored by
PLUPER PLUZ SOAP

wouldn't your blood race with excitement?—wouldn't you flex your muscles and feel like setting out in search of someone or something that needed heroic saving? Of course!- And that's exactly what Koppy (SUPERSNIPE) McFad felt. All about him were possibilities. For example that mongrel dog coming down the street and that little girl playing with her doll. If the dog should suddenly go mad and attack the little girl he could rush in, be a hero and still have time to buy the butter, bring it home, lick the batter bowl and eat the cake. He watched the dog mercilessly, every muscle taut, every nerve in his body tense and eager. The dog continued to move toward the girl. Supersnipe moved in. The dog stopped, looked at the little girl and opened its mouth wide. Supersnipe continued to move in. The dog noticed him for the first time and regarded him inquisitively, noticing Supersnipe's stealthy approach, his hunched back, his flexed arms and the ruthless expression upon his face. The dog growled, causing the girl to turn and see Pluper Pluz's potential hero for the first time. She screamed with fright.

Hissed Supersnipe, "Shhhhh—I'm gonna save you!"

The girl screamed louder, the dog began to bark and with a sudden movement, leaped! But not at the little girl—at Supersnipe.

It was not because Supersnipe was afraid that he dodged, turned and ran with every ounce of his SUPER-SPEED. Not at all! It was only for the simple reason that there was no sense in fighting with a dog when by doing so he wasn't saving anybody from anything except, perhaps, himself and running is of course a much better way of doing that as any one can tell you.

The dog, seeing that he probably wouldn't have any more trouble with this particular hero cut the chase short and went back to the little girl who rewarded him with a grateful pat on the head for saving her from being the victim of a hero.

It has been stated that the "heroic possibilities" around Supersnipe were limitless. However, as the time dragged on and as he searched from one end of town to the other none of the possibilities gave the slightest sign

of development. Yapburg this day was full of peace, quiet and safety. It was enough to make any would-be hero disgusted. You'd think *something* would happen!

His eye fell on a delivery truck, parked at the top edge of Groggin's Hill. He contemplated what could happen. What if the driver hadn't turned the wheels into the curb. He walked over to the truck and noticed that they weren't turned into the curb. Now he considered as he climbed in behind the wheel to correct this, what if the emergency brake wasn't on? He looked down at the hand brake and noticed that it was NOT pulled all the way back. Tsk-tsk! He reached down, intent upon pulling the brake back to its safest and tightest position, but all the while thinking of what MIGHT or COULD happen if the brake should slip. The picture of the runaway truck filled his mind as it hurtled down the steep hill smashing, crashing, killing everything that got into its way.

And then he saw himself. The truck was reeling toward him at a dizzy pace! He had to stop it. He saw himself standing in the path, unflinching, slightly crouched ready to spring . . . nearer . . . nearer . . . and then! . . . he lightly stepped aside, reached out, grabbed the windshield and with a graceful leap, swung himself behind the wheel, skillfully spinning it to avoid hitting an old lady frozen to the ground by fear; then he swung it back quickly to miss a car that darted from a side street. Finally, he calmly reached down and with all his strength, pulled the brake back . . . back. . . .

There was a sudden snapping sound. Supersnipe opened his eyes to observe with a feeling of surprise that clutched in his hand was the truck's hand brake and oddly enough it was not in the floor board where it belonged, but dangling quite uselessly in his hand. At the same instant, he looked up and out and was very surprised to see that the trees that lined the hill suddenly were moving uphill, passing him at ever faster speeds.

He also quickly realized that instead of clutching the useless brake handle in his hands that he should be clutching the wheel. This he proceeded to do and not a moment too soon, for the little old lady he had seen in his mind was suddenly there in person, frozen to the pavement with fear as she saw the truck hurtling down upon her. He remembered spinning the wheel calmly and proceeded to spin it as he had seen himself do in his imagination. The maneuver worked beautifully; then he suddenly remembered the car he had seen dart out from a side street. Yep! There it was. This second maneuver not timed as well as the first, found him riding the curb—half on the street and half on lawns that bordered it. Since his imagination had taken him no further, he was not prepared to handle this emergency. He therefore closed his eyes again and imagined what he'd do next. He saw himself push a button on the dashboard which opened a pair of wings on the truck just before he was going to smash into a larger truck, so that he took to the air avoiding collision. When he opened his eyes, he found no such button, but the larger truck was there, not one hundred feet ahead of him. Supersnipe again closed his eyes searching for another and quick solution other than taking off and flying.

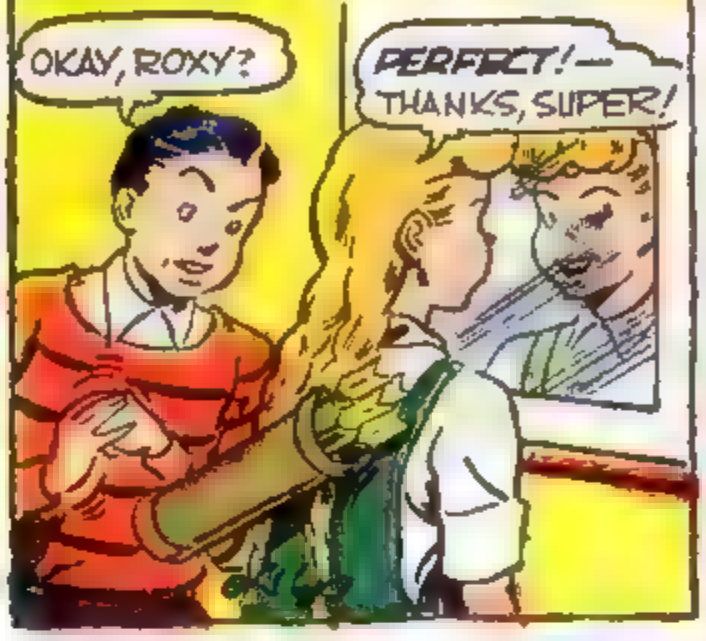
While he was so engaged, the car that he had missed at the side street had swung around and was now in hot pursuit, pulling up alongside of him. One of the men in the car was out on the running board and when the driver had edged the car close enough, the man leaped to Supersnipe's truck, grabbed the wheel and jammed on the foot brake, skidding to a stop just inches from the big truck that had pulled up on the curb to get out of the way.

Supersnipe, still searching for the solution in his imagination opened his eyes wide when he heard a voice nearby shouting, "Jim—that was the bravest thing I've ever seen! . . . Leaping from my car and stopping that truck was HEROIC! . . . You saved that kid's life! . . . I'm going to recommend you for the PLUPER PLUZ SOAP PRIZE FOR HEROES!"

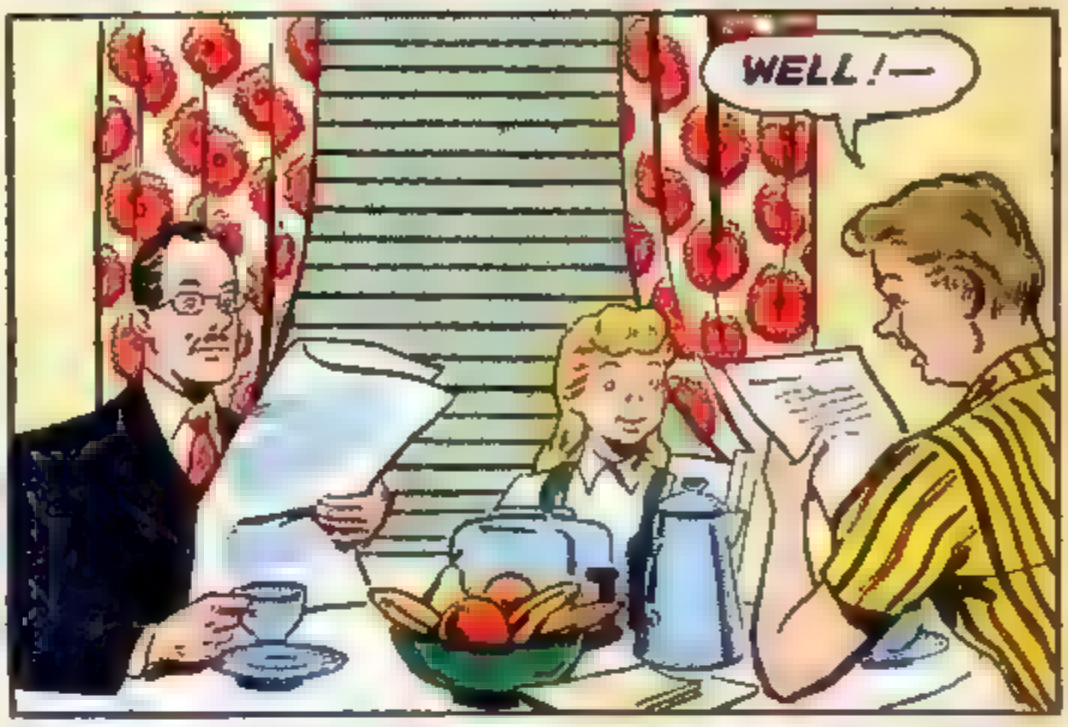
Supersnipe closed his eyes again. In his imagination he saw a picture of himself kicking another picture of himself in a place that hurts the most!

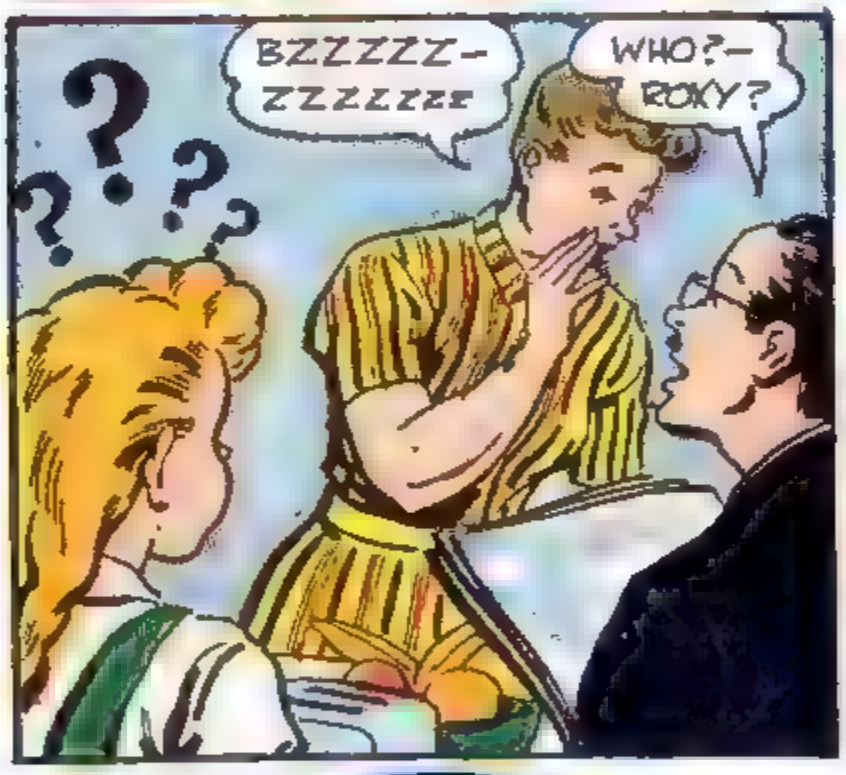
ROXY ADAMS

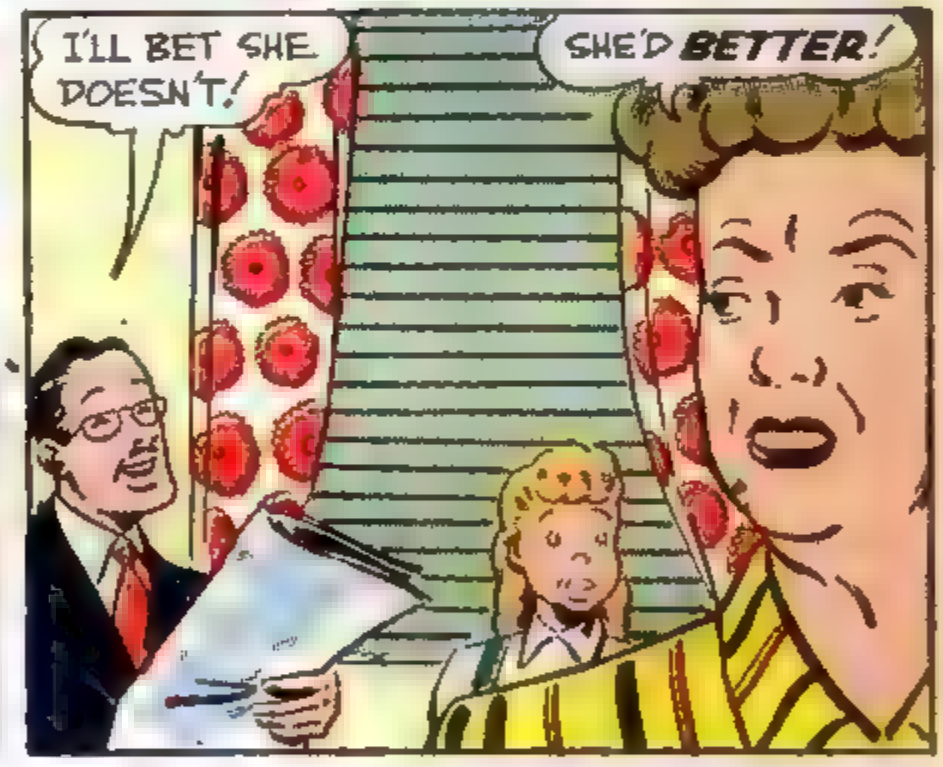
GIRL GUERILLA in ROXY GETS THAT NEW LOOK

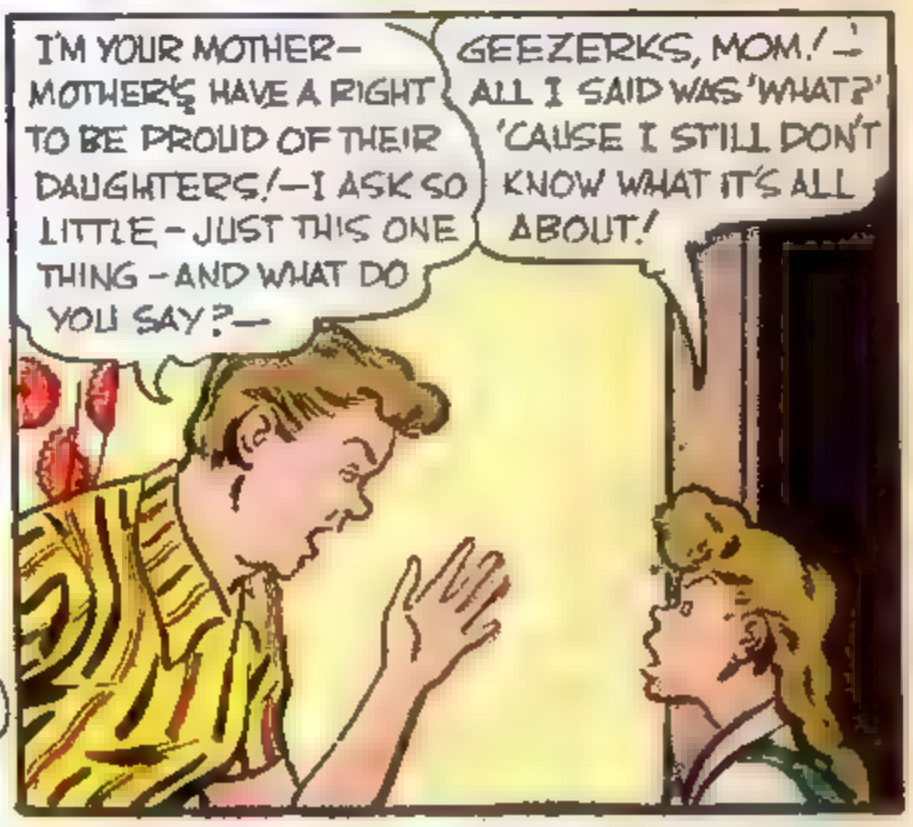


ONE FINE DAY, WHAT HAPPENED TO ROXY — SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG — LET ALONE A GIRL GUERILLA! ——








I'M YOUR MOTHER— MOTHER'S HAVE A RIGHT TO BE PROUD OF THEIR DAUGHTERS!—I ASK SO LITTLE - JUST THIS ONE THING - AND WHAT DO YOU SAY?—
GEEZERKS, MOM!— ALL I SAID WAS 'WHAT?' 'CAUSE I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW NOW, ROXY. HERE'S WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.

NEVER! — NOT ROXY ADAMS!

I'D RATHER **DIE** — OR BECOME A PRISONER OF THE **CANNIBALS** OR BE **BOILED** IN **OIL** FIRST!

I HAVE SPOKE!

OH YOU HAVE! — WELL / IF YOU DON'T MODEL THE LITTLE GIRLS' NEW LOOK AT THE COUNTRY CLUB FASHION SHOW AS YOU'VE BEEN REQUESTED —

—I'LL BREAK EVERY ONE OF YOUR BOW AND ARROWS AND NEVER LET YOU HAVE ANOTHER SET AGAIN!

NO! **NO**! — YOU WOULDN'T REALLY DO THAT, MOTHER — **ANYTHING** BUT THAT! — WITHOUT 'EM, I'M LIKE TARZAN WITHOUT HIS YELL — THE SHADOW WITHOUT HIS CAPE —

YOU HEARD ME — NOW IT IS **I** WHO HAS "SPOKE"!

GULP — Y-YOU W-WIN!

AT THIS VERY MOMENT, WHEN THE **WORST** THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ROXY IS HAPPENING, THE GREATEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO KOPPY (SUPERSNIPE) McFAD IS TAKING PLACE~

G-GOSH, I ALWAYS THOUGHT GIRLS WEREN'T GOOD FOR **ANYTHING**!

WELL KOPPY, I ADMIT I'M **NOT** LIKE OTHER GIRLS.

I TOOK A SOLEMN VOW WITH ULYSSES Q. WACKY AN' HERLOCK DOMES THAT WE'D NEVER HAVE ANYTHIN' TO DO WITH GIRLS— WITH THE GIRLS I'VE SEEN IN THIS TOWN SINCE I'M HERE — HUMPH! — IT'S NO **WONDER!**

IF- IF YOU'D BE M-MY G-GIRL I'D BREAK MY VOW WITH WACKY AN' HERLOCK.

HMMMMM?

BUT REALLY, KOPPY!—YOU DON'T **MEAN** IT— NATURALLY, I LOOK GOOD TO **YOU**, BUT **YOU** CERTAINLY DON'T LOOK GOOD TO ME!— YOU 'RE SWEET, BUT TO ME—YOU LOOK **AWFUL**!

TA-TA!- AND THANKS FOR THE SODA — AND— A MOST AMUSING TIME— TEE HEE —YOUR GIRL!— TEE HEE — SO AMUSING!

G-GULP!

SO YOUNG HE LEARNS ABOUT WOMEN TSK-TSK

ALL THE

THRILLS..

OF THE GAME

Formation FOOTBALL

BOY, WHAT A PLAY...
I'LL SAY! LET'S TRY THESE PLAYS OUT ON MY FORMATION FOOTBALL GAME
LAST DOWN, JIM! IT'S YOUR MOVE...
I'M FADING BACK FOR A FORWARD PASS
THERE GOES THE BALL GAME...
WOW.. HE'S OVER!

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AMOUNT ENCLOSED

HOLYOKE GAME CO.
3 OLIVER STREET ★ HOLYOKE, MASS.

GRRRR – WHO CARES ABOUT NEW LOOKS ANYWAY!

SIGH – IF I ONLY *HAD* A NEW LOOK!

YOU? – YOU *MEAN* IT?

SURE! – WHAT'S IT TO YOU?

FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE I CAN DO YOU A FAVOR AN' YOU CAN DO ME ONE AT THE SAME TIME! IF YOU'RE WILLIN' TO TRUST ME – I CAN GIVE YOU A NEW LOOK!

IF YOU COULD, MYRTLE MIGHT BE WILLIN' TO BE MY GIRL – BUT WHEN IT COMES TO TRUSTIN' YOU — I DON'T KNOW —

HONEST, KOPPY – I CAN GIVE YOU A LOOK LIKE NO OTHER BOY IN YAPBURG — OR IN THE WHOLE *WORLD*! —

NO FOOLIN'? —

MEET ME TONIGHT AT EIGHT IN BACK O' THE CLUB HOUSE AT THE COUNTRY CLUB — DON'T LET ANYBODY SEE YOU COME! IS IT A DEAL?

A DEAL!

SODAS

I SURE HOPE MYRTLE WILL BE IMPRESSED BY MY NEW LOOK!

DON'T WORRY – SHE'LL BE IMPRESSED ALL RIGHT!

THAT NIGHT AT THE COUNTRY CLUB —

HERE YOU ARE, ROXY- THIS IS THE DRESS YOU ARE TO MODEL—ISN'T IT *DIVINE!*— NOW IF YOU NEED ANY HELP, JUST CALL — BE READY IN TEN MINUTES!

YES'M.

KOPPY!—KOPPY!— WHERE ARE YOU?

COMIN', ROXY.

HEY—WHAT'S THE IDEA O' THE BLINDFOLD — I WANNA SEE WHAT I'M GONNA LOOK LIKE!

CAN'T!— IT'S GONNA BE AS MUCH A SURPRISE TO YOU AS IT'S GONNA BE TO MYRTLE WHO'S HERE TONIGHT!

FIRST, I'LL GIVE YOU THE STRENGTH OF SAMPSON WITH THIS NEW HAIR!

YEAH? — THEN WHAT?

NOW PUT ON THIS NEW SUPER-DOER COSTUME!—IT GOES OVER YOUR HEAD—LIKE THIS —

IT SURE FEELS FUNNY. DOES IT LOOK OKAY?

NOT ONLY MYRTLE, BUT EVERYBODY IN THE CLUB WILL NOTICE YOU!—

G-GOSH ROXY— HOW CAN I *EVER* THANK YOU!

COME ON — LET'S GO!

A FEW MINUTES LATER—

—AND NOW THAT YOU'VE SEEN THE *NEW LOOK* THAT *WE* WILL BE WEARING HERE IS THE NEW LOOK OF THE *YOUNGER* GENERATION!—

THAT'S US KOPPY. LET'S GO!

I'VE NEVER BEEN SO PROUD IN ALL MY LIFE! —

AT LAST OUR DAUGTER IS NO LONGER A TOM BOY!

THE NEXT INSTANT THE CURTAINS PART AND—

WH-WHAT'S EVERY BODY LAUGH —?? — *YIKES!*

HEE-HEE

HA-HA

HA-HA

HO-H

AND REALLY, MOTHER! —TEE HEE — *THAT* ASKED ME TO BE HIS GIRL! TEE-HEE —

GULP!

N-NEW L-LOOK — *PHOOEY!*

Bulldog Bulldog in

"THE CASE OF THE DEADLY PAGES"

DEADLY DASTARDLY DEED, OR SCANDALOUS SUICIDE? ONLY THE DEDUCTIONS OF THAT DEDUCER IN A MILLION, BULLDOG BULLDOG COULD SEPERATE THE STRANDS.

HMM! RUNNING OUT OF PAGES ABOUT MY MODEST SELF!

B-RRRING

SCRAP BOOK

BULLDOG BULLDOG AT YOUR SERVICE - NO CASE TOO BIG, NO CASE TOO SMALL!

YOU'RE JUST THE ONE FOR ME!

COME RIGHT OUT TO THE SENATOR'S HOUSE HE'S **DEAD!**

BE RIGHT THERE. WHO IS THIS?

I'M THE BUTLER THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU!

HMMM—THE BUTLER—HE'S ALWAYS GUILTY—BUT HE WON'T FOOL ME!

THE PALATIAL MANSION OF THE DEFUNCT SENATOR —

NOW THEN, WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?

SHH — HE'S IN THAT ROOM.

WAS HE SHOT?

OH NO SIR, NOTHING THAT SIMPLE.

HMMM — STABBED?

OH NO SIR, NOTHING THAT SIMPLE.

POISONED?

OH NO SIR, I DON'T THINK IT WAS THAT SIMPLE!

SEEMS LIKE YOU KNOW AN AWFUL LOT ABOUT THIS!

GULP-WELL I LOOKED HIM OVER BEFORE I CALLED YOU!

HOW COME **YOU** CALLED ME?

ULP—I—AH—I KNOW THE BUTLER IS ALWAYS SUSPECTED, SO I HOPED YOU'D BE ABLE TO CLEAR ME!

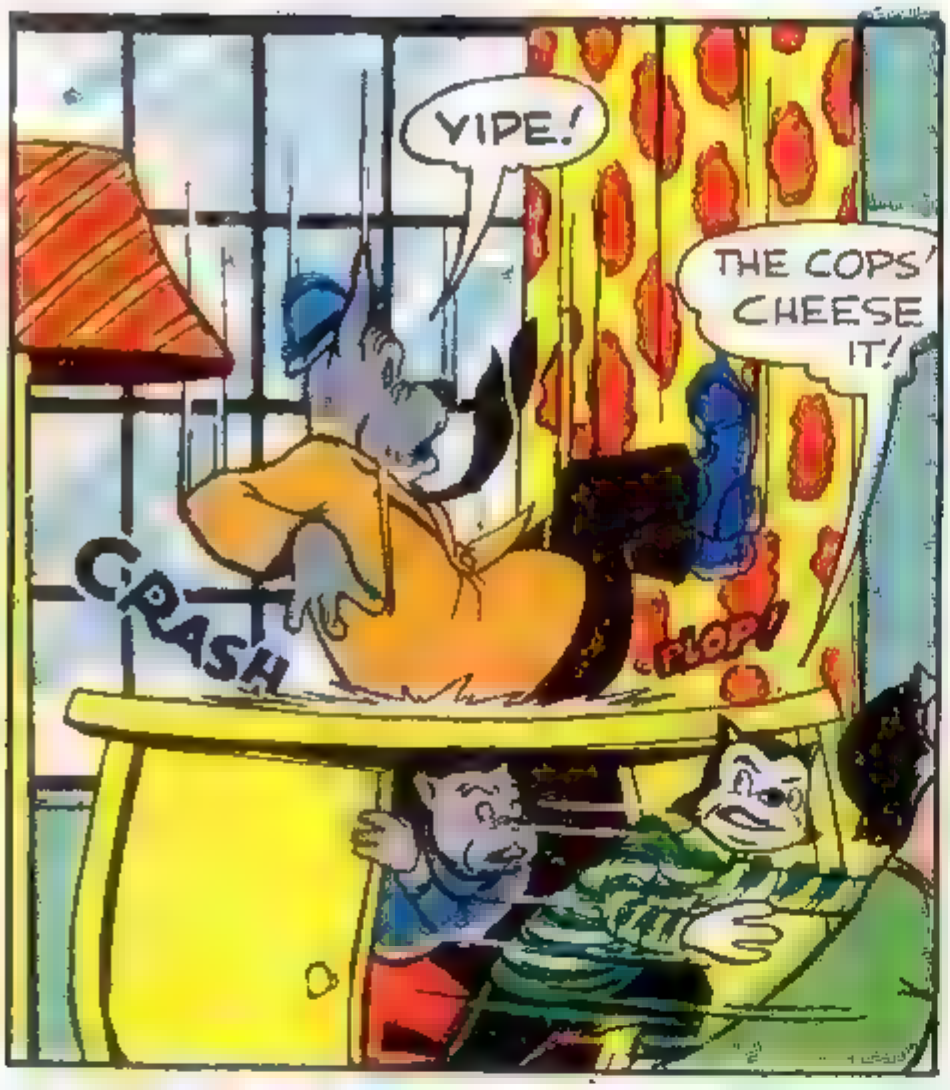
HMMM, VERY SUSPICIOUS— THESE FOOTSTEPS—

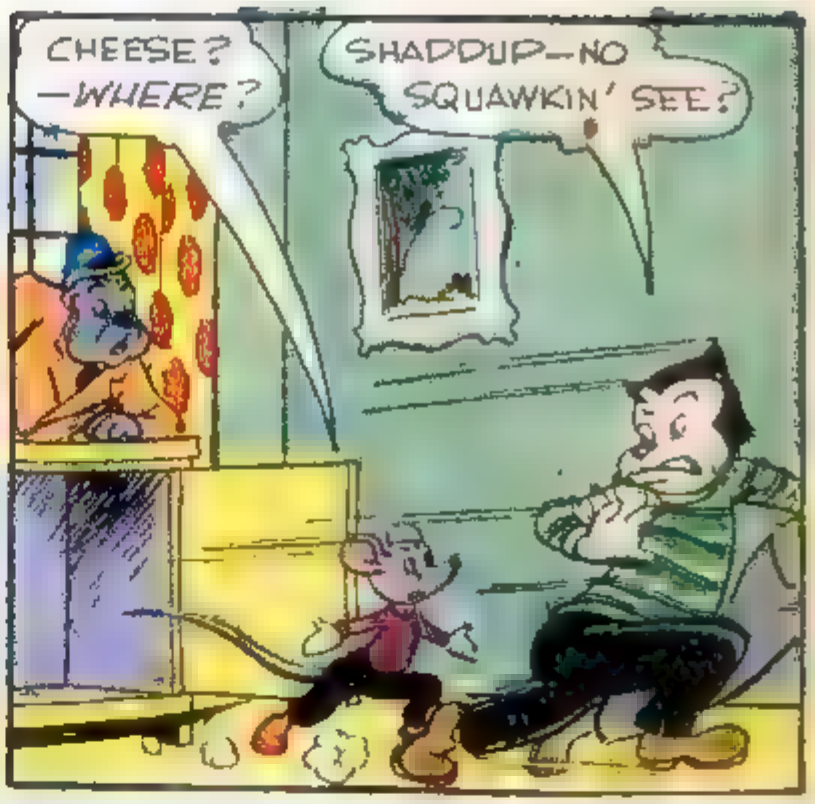
I NEVER KNEW YOU COULD **DO** THAT!

DO WHAT?

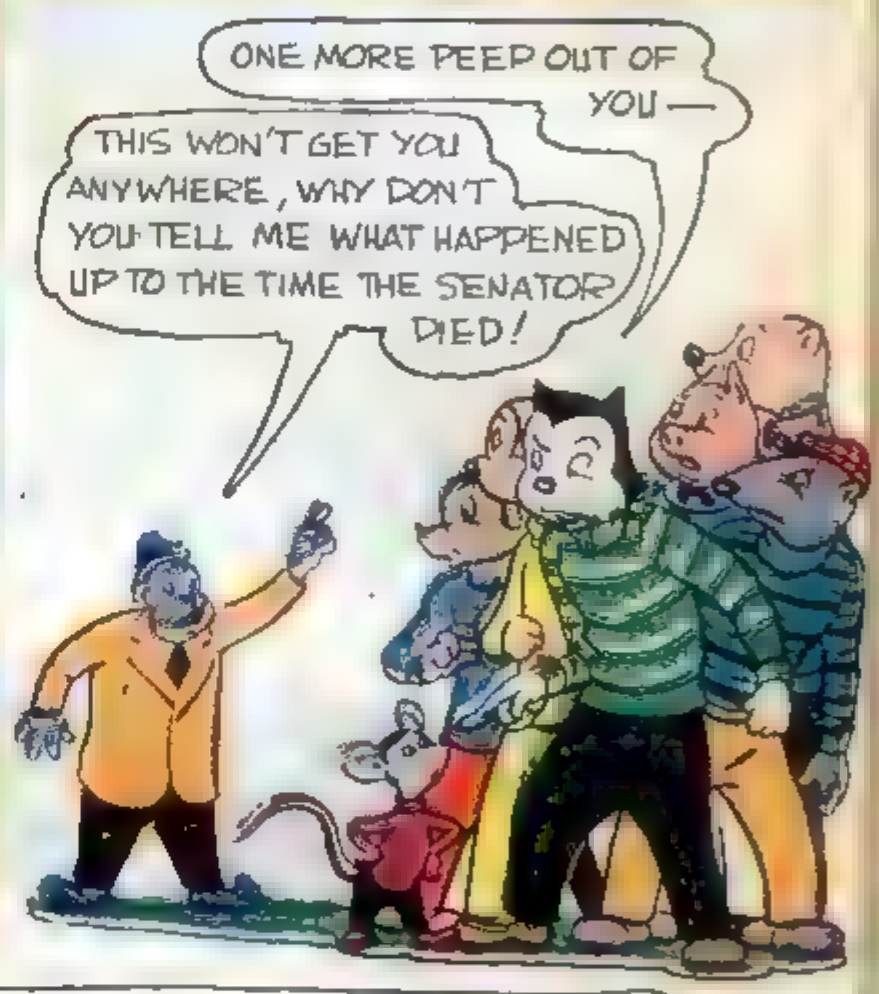
DEFY THE LAW OF **GRAVITY** THAT WAY.

ULP—ME, SWEET LOVABLE ME, DEFYING A ***LAW***?


YIPE!
THE COPS' CHEESE IT!
CRASH
FLOP!


CHEESE? —WHERE?
SHADDUP—NO SQUAWKIN' SEE?

SO! A DESKFUL OF SUSPECTS, EH?
WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT THE HOUSING SHORTAGE IS.


ONE MORE PEEP OUT OF YOU —
THIS WON'T GET YOU ANYWHERE, WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED UP TO THE TIME THE SENATOR DIED!

LATER —
THE SENATOR HAS BEEN TAKEN DOWNTOWN. THEY'LL FIND OUT WHAT KILLED HIM — BUT ME — I'LL FIND OUT WHO!
I USHERED ALL THESE FRIENDS IN TO THE SENATOR'S DEN. HE WAS READING THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD AT THAT TIME!

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WHEN I LEFT, HE WAS TRYING TO SPEAK TO THE SENATOR.

TRYIN' TO PIN IT ON ME, EH, STARCHY!

BUT THE SENATOR DIDN'T EVEN SPEAK TO SMELLY. HE KEPT ON READING - AND THEN SOON - HIS HEAD FELL FORWARD —

YARE?

THAT'S ALL, HE SEEMED TO GO TO SLEEP - BUT WHEN THEY TRIED TO WAKE HIM UP - HE DIDN'T WAKE UP — SO WE HID!

I BET I GOT IT!

I GOT IT - SOMEBODY HERE POISONED THE PAGES AND WHEN THE SENATOR WET HIS FINGERS TO TURN THE PAGES - HE PUT THE POISON IN HIS MOUTH —

BUT —

AND THE POISON KILLED HIM -

BUT, MR. BULLDOG - THE SENATOR DIDN'T HAVE ANY FINGERS! HE WAS AN OWL.

THERE; NOW THEY'LL TELL US WHAT SECRET DEADLY POISON KILLED THE SENATOR!

BRRIIINNNNG

WHAT?

I AIN'T TAKIN' NO RAP – C'MON BOYS – LET'S LAM!

WAIT – DON'T RUN AWAY – THE SENATOR DIED A NATURAL DEATH – NO POISON!

WHAT?

WHAT?

WHAT?

YOU SEE – WE ALL FORGOT WHAT THE BOOK WAS THAT HE WAS READING –

I KNOW! IT WAS THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD!

RIGHT – THERE COULD ONLY BE ONE CAUSE FOR DEATH WHEN READING THAT –

HE DIED OF **BOREDOM**!

OF COURSE, IT'S A RISK ANYONE TAKES WHEN THEY READ IT!

LATER –

A FINE THING, A WHOLE CASE, WITH NO KILLER – AND WHAT'S WORSE, NO CLIPPINGS ABOUT WHAT A MODEST FELLOW I AM!

SCRAP BOOK

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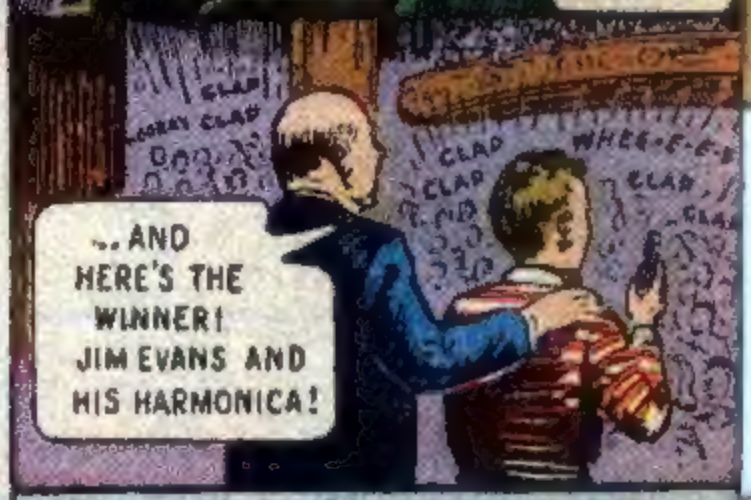

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